

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURE

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BY THE
COMICS
CODE


AUTHORITY

G.I. COMBAT

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TRAPPED
BEHIND
COMMIE
LINES

Zero Hour
on Attu Island

LAST
STAND
IN INDO-CHINA

Red Helicopter Raid





WEB COMIC
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G.I. COMBAT

LAST STAND in INDOCHINA

AN UNTOLD SAGA OF RED TREACHERY IN THE FAR EAST!



THE COMMUNIST HORDES SWEEPED DOWN INTO THE TRUCE ZONE TO SPRING A SNEAK TRAP ON A SMALL AMERICAN FORCE! BUT THE SURPRISED GI'S WERE A STUBBORN LOT... THEY WOULD GIVE NO QUARTER! AND THOUGH OUTNUMBERED FIFTY TO ONE THEY LASHED OUT AGAIN AND AGAIN TO TURN BACK THE RED TIDE! HOWEVER, TIME WAS TAKING ITS TOLL OF AMMUNITION AND THE VALIANT AMERICANS SEEMED DESTINED FOR DEFEAT!

WEST OF KAPOONS, INDOCHINA, A U.S. TRUCK CONVOY SNAKES ITS WAY INTO THE INTERIOR; SUDDENLY....

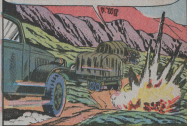
WHA...LIVE STUFF!
SOMEBODY'S
AMBUSHIN' US!

YEAH...BUT WHO AND WHY?
WE'RE SMACK IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE TRUCK ZONE!



CONVOY COMMANDER COLONEL BART MARSTON BARKS OUT BATTLEWISE ORDERS!

WE'RE BEING SHELLED BY ENEMY
ARTILLERY HIDDEN BEHIND THAT MOUNTAIN RANGE! MAKE
FOR THE SLOPE AND HUG IT....IT'LL SCREEN OUR TRUCKS!



THAT WAS A GREAT IDEA, COLONEL!
THE TRAJECTORY OF THEIR SHELLS
WON'T PERMIT THEM TO ZERO US
IN HERE! WONDER WHO'S DOIN'
THE DIRTY WORK?

THE COMMS, OF COURSE!
THEY'VE JUMPED THE
OCCUPATION DEADLINE
FOR THIS AREA TO SABO-
TAGE OUR MISSION!



AND IF THEY'VE GONE THAT FAR WE'RE BOUND TO SEE
MORE OF THEM! PASS THE WORD...I WANT EVERY MAN
WITH A FULL CLIP OF AMMO IN HIS PEECE AND READY
FOR ACTION!



WHAT CAN THIS MEAN...AMERICANS UNDER FIRE BY COMMUNIST FORCES IN INDOCHINA? IT ALL BEGAN WHEN THE BACK OF THE FRENCH ARMY WAS BROKEN BY THE REDS!

THE FRENCH FORTRESS
AND SUPPLY DEPOT OF
KAPHU IS LOCATED
HERE...IN THE AREA
THAT IS TO BE
EVACUATED BY THE
27th OF THIS MONTH!
THAT'S 48 HOURS
FROM NOW!

SIR...ISN'T
THAT WHERE
THE FRENCH POOLED ALL OF
OUR LEND
LEASE WAR
MATERIALS FOR A MAJOR
OFFENSIVE
BEFORE THE TRUCE?



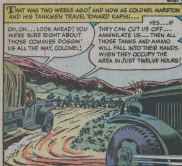
EXACTLY! BUT MOST OF
THOSE MATERIALS WERE
SHIPPED FOR THE FINAL
STAND AT DIENBIENPHU
BEFORE IT FELL! HOWEVER,
WE HAVE U.S. HEAVY
TANKS ASSEMBLED
THERE....



...AND VALUABLE AMMUNITION!
THE FRENCH ARE SHORT HANDED
AND HAVE ASKED US TO SEND TANK-
MEN TO KAPHU TO EVACUATE THOSE
WEAPONS BEFORE
THE DEADLINE!
THAT WILL BE
YOUR MISSION,
COLONEL
MARSTON!

IT'LL
ORGANIZE A
TANK TEAM AND
LEAVE FOR
INDOCHINA AT
ONCE, SIR!





JUST THEN THE OMINOUS SOUND OF A BUGLE FILLS THE AIR!

L-LOOK! HERE ZEE COMMUNISTS COME... A HUMAN SEA!

YES... THEY DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS THEM TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THIS ARMOR OF OURS! LIFE IS CHEAP... TO A RED!



THE FIGHTING COLONEL SNAPS INTO ACTION...

THIS WILL BE THE LEAD TANK... I'LL TAKE OVER TURRET COMMAND! I WANT TO HIT THAT COMMIE LINE DEAD CENTER... WHERE THE POWER IS!



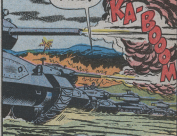
KEEP CLOSE FORMATION... ZERO IN THEIR MECHANIZED INFANTRY... HOLD FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD... I DON'T WANT TO FLUSH THEM...

RIGHT, SIR!



CLOSER... CLOSER SPEED THE TWO FORCES! THEN...

FIRE!



THE RESULT OF THE MURDEROUS VOLLEY IS DEVASTATING...

YIIIIII!



WOWE! THAT SURE TOOK THE STING OUT OF THEIR PUNCH!

KEEP 'EM ON THE RUN, MEN! I'M GOING BACK TO THE PORT AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO PULL OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE REDS CAN REGROUP!



AS COLONEL MARSTON CONFERES WITH THE FRENCH CO. AT THE FORTRESS...

THERE IS MORE THAN ENOUGH GASOLINE TO MAKE YOUR TANK TRIP BACK TO HAIPONG, COLONEL... AND A DEPOT FULL OF AMMUNITION!

THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR! WE'VE ONLY GOT 500 MORE HOURS BEFORE THE OCCUPATION DEADLINE IS UP! W-WHA... AN ENEMY SOLDIER...





UNDER MINIMUM SPEED THE U.S. TANKS CRAWL THROUGH THE VALLEY! THEIR DISTANT RUMBLE IS OVERHEARD BY ENEMY EARS!



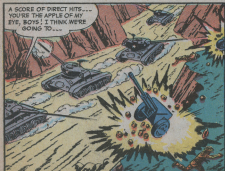
THIS IS IT, MEN! THE COMMIES ARE RAKING US
WITH EVERYTHING FROM THOSE HILLS! WE'RE
GOING TO TRY TO POWER THROUGH....



CHARLIE TANKS ZERO YOUR TURRET GUNS IN ON
OUR LEFT FLANK... DOG TANKS OUR RIGHT
FLANK! KEEP THROWING SHELLS UP THERE...
THE BARRAGE MAY COVER US!



A SCORE OF DIRECT HITS...
YOU'RE THE APPLE OF MY
EYE, BOYS! I THINK WE'RE
GOING TO...



... MAKE IT! OH, OH... WE'VE HAD IT!
TURN AROUND! WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK
THE WAY WE CAME!



THE COMMIES PLUGGED UP OUR ESCAPE ROUTE WITH A MOUNTAIN OF ROCK! TANKER TEN.... FALL BACK AND BRING UP THE REAR! OUR AMMO TRUCKS WILL BE EXPOSED IN THE RETREAT!

RIGHT, SKIPPER!



IN THE RETREAT UP THE VALLEY THE U.S. ARMOR IS EXPOSED TO MURDEROUS FIRE! THEN...

COLONEL... OUR AMMO TRUCKS... THE COMMIES JUST DID 'EM IN!

WHAT MORE CAN HAPPEN? PICK UP THE TRUCK CREWS, TANKER TEN! WE'LL COVER YOU!



UNDER FULL SPEED THE AMERICAN TANKS FINALLY MANAGE TO OUTDISTANCE THE ENEMY GUNS!

WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE, MEN... REINFORCEMENTS FROM HAIPONG! THERE ISN'T ENOUGH FUEL NOW TO PUSH THIS ARMORED UNIT ANOTHER THREE MILES! BUT IF WE POOL THE GAS... ONE TANK COULD MAKE IT!

WHATA WE DO NOW, COLONEL? THE COMMIES WILL BE RIGHT ON OUR HEELS!



H-HUH? BUT, SR, IF WE ALL COULDN'T BREAK THROUGH THE COMMIE LINES HOW DO YOU FIGURE ONE TANK CAN DO IT?

THE REPS HAVE CUT EVERY ROAD TO HAIPONG... BUT ONE! THE YING DO RIVER! BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A FLOATING BATTLEWAGON OUT OF ONE OF OUR IRON CANS AND FLOAT THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES!



IT'S ABOUT TWENTY THREE MILES TO HAIPONG! WITH LUCK A RELIEF FORCE COULD REACH US IN TIME TO GET THESE TANKS TO SAFETY BEFORE THE OCCUPATION DEAD-LINE! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK... FAST!



ON THE BANK OF THE YING DO RIVER THE GI TANKERS BEGIN THE FANTASTIC RACE AGAINST TIME!

DUMP ALL EXCESS EQUIPMENT FROM THAT TANK... IT'LL BE TOUGH ENOUGH FLOATING HER ARMOR! YOU MEN BUILDING THE RAFT... MAKE SURE THOSE LOGS ARE SECURE! IT MAY MEAN OUR LIVES!



A SINGING VOLLEY OF BULLETS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTS THE GIs...

Y-YIPES! WE GOT COMPANY... TRIGGER HAPPY REPS!



GET TO YOUR TANKS, BOYS.... AND FORM AN INDIAN CIRCLE FOR DEFENSE! ALL RIGHT, HARRISON! DRIVE THAT IRON BABY ONTO THE RAFT AND LET'S HOPE SHE FLOATS!



SHE'S GOTTA FLOAT... SHE'S GOTTA! WE'RE LICKED IF THAT TANK DOESN'T MAKE HAPPIER IN TIME TO SEND OUT A RELIEF COLUMN!



YAHOO! WE GOT A FLOATIN' BATTLEWAGON!

IT'S UP TO THEM NOW! WE'VE GOT TO HANG ON HERE BY OUR TEETH UNTIL HELP ARRIVES! FORM A TIGHT CIRCLE....AND KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!



WOWIE! THEY'RE SURE TRYIN' HARD TO SINK OUR WATER WAGON!

YEAH....AND IF THEY DO WE'VE HAD IT!



GONGS...

GONGS...



...GONE! GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

OH, OH.... THESE COMRADE CHARACTERS AREN'T GONGS TO GIVE US A BREAKER! HERE THEY COME.... ZERO 'EM IN, BOYS, AND MAKE EVERY ROUND COUNT!



TATA-TATA-TATA

THE FIRST WAVE IS DRIVEN BACK BY A MURDEROUS VOLLEY OF 90 MM. SHELLS!

HA, HA... THAT'S PUNCHIN' HOLES IN THEIR RANKS!

YEAR... BUT IT'S COSTIN' US PLENTY OF AMMO TO DO IT!



THE SECOND ENEMY WAVE ENCOUNTERS LESS FIRE... BUT IS STOPPED!

H-HEY... WE'RE OUTA AMMO!

ONCE I GET OFF THIS ROUND YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY... THIS BABY'S OUR LAST!



AN OMINOUS SILENCE DESCENDS OVER THE AREA AS THE AMERICANS AWAIT ANOTHER ASSAULT!

SEVEN CANNON ROUNDS... THIRTY FIVE RIFLE... NO GRENADES OR AUTOMATIC AMMO! I'M AFRAID... THAT'S IT, COLONEL! DO YOU THINK OUR FLOATIN' TANK GOT THROUGH?

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE NOW! THIS NEXT SUICIDE ATTACK IS A CINCH TO FINISH US! THEY OUTNUMBER US FIFTY TO ONE!

YAH!! YAH!!



WITH NERVES OF STEEL AND COURAGEOUS HEARTS THE BRAVE AMERICANS CLASH WITH THE RED ENEMY IN A LAST STAND!

GOSH... NOW I KNOW HOW CUSTER AND HIS MEN MUSTA FELT AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN!

THEY MAY TAKE US... BUT THEY'LL BE PLENTY OF COMMES WALKIN' AROUND WITH SORE KISSERS TOMORROW!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, MEN! AT LEAST WE'RE GONING DOWN SWIMMING!



WELL, WE DID IT... WE BEAT 'EM OFF!

H-HERE COMES, ANOTHER WAVE! WHERE DO ALL THE COMMIES COME FROM!

I DON'T KNOW... BUT I'M TOO POOPED TO BEAT THEM OFF AGAIN!



THE G.I.'S SEEMED DOOMED TO ANNIHILATION BUT THEN...

T-THEY'RE GON' BACK... BUT WHY?

LOOK UP THERE! THE SKY'S FULL OF OUR PARA-TROOPERS!

OUR FLOATIN' TANK... IT MADE HAI-PONG!



AND WHEN THE BRAVE LITTLE FORCE HAS BEEN RELIEVED...

WE'VE BROUGHT GAF ALONG FOR YOUR TANKS! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS TRUCE ZONE FAST! IN TWO HOURS THE COMMIES CAN CONFISCATE THAT ARMOR WHEN THEY TAKE OVER THE AREA!

YES... THEY'RE A CUNNING BUNCH OF RATS! THEY HAD THE ATTACK TINED SO THAT IF THEY FAILED THEY'D BE IN POSSESSION OF THE ZONE BEFORE U.N. INVESTIGATING TEAMS COULD CHECK OUR STORY!



G.I. COMBAT

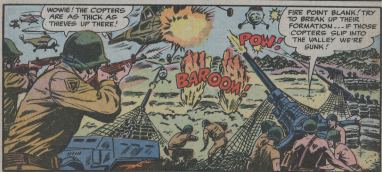
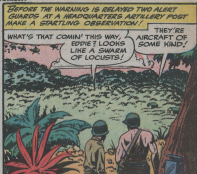
RED HELICOPTER RAID



THE WINGED INVADERS STRUCK OUT OF THE SKY WITH SUDDEN DEVIATION! CLEVERLY THE FLYING RED HORDE HAD SLIPPED PAST THE RADAR SCREEN GUARDING THE U.S. BASE! AND NOW DESPERATE G.I.'S FIRED THEIR LAST ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION AGAINST THE FEROCIOUS ASSAULT!

COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS CRAWL OMINOUSLY UP TO A U.S. RADAR STATION LOCATED ON THE ISLAND OF GUAM IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!





WAVE AFTER WAVE OF ENEMY COPTERS SWIRL OVER THE SURPRISED ARTILLERY BATTERIES! THE VALIANT G.I.S RESIST STUBBORNLY... BUT HOPELESSLY!

ENEMY COPTERS... A SWARM OF 'EM... SWOOPING OVER THE NORTH LIP OF THE VALLEY!

THE COMMIES ARE A BUNCH OF CLEVER RATS... THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY THEY COULD INVADE OUR HEADQUARTERS IN THE VALLEY IS BY COPTER! SWING THOSE GUNS AROUND!



S-SIR... WE GOT THOSE COPTERS IN OUR SIGHT BUT WE CAN'T OPEN UP ON 'EM! IF WE MISS OUR SWELLS WILL LAND SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF HQ!

CEASE FIRE! WE CAN'T RISK HITTING OUR OWN MEN! I'M AFRAID THE BOYS DOWN THERE ARE IN FOR IT! THEY HAVEN'T THE WEAPONS TO TURN BACK THAT ENEMY HORDE!



THE STARTLING REPORT IS FLASHED TO HEADQUARTERS CP... WHERE INSTANT ACTION IS TAKEN!

THE COMMIES MUST HAVE BLASTED OUR SHORE RADAR STATION PREPARATORY TO THE ATTACK... THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T RECEIVE ANY ADVANCE WARNING!

BUT, GENERAL... WHAT ARE THE KIDS AFTER? WHY WOULD THEY POSSIBLY ATTACK THIS HEADQUARTERS?



PROBABLY TO ANNIHILATE OUR HIGH COMMAND! THEIR SPIES MUST HAVE LEARNED OF THE GENERAL STAFF MEETING THAT WAS SCHEDULED HERE BUT LATER TRANSFERRED TO WAKE ISLAND!

SO THAT'S IT... THE COMMIES THOUGHT THEY'D BAG OUR HIGH COMMAND IN THIS SNEAK ATTACK! THEY MISSED THE BOAT THERE... BUT I'M AFRAID WE'RE IN BAD SHAPE DEFENSIVELY, SIR!



NO ARMORED UNITS IN THE AREA... OUR JETS AT THE NEARBY AIRBASE ARE TOO FAST TO FLY INTO THE VALLEY... AND WE ONLY HAVE SMALL ARMS AVAILABLE!

THAT'S BAD... BUT NOT HOPELESS! ARM EVERY MAN TO THE TEETH... TELL THEM TO FIGHT LINE BLAZES! THIS IS GOING TO BE THE TOUGHEST JOB OF THEIR LIVES!



THE AREA BECOMES AN INFERNO OF EXCITEMENT AS THE SMALL AMERICAN FORCE PREPARES FOR BATTLE!

SNAP IT UP! TAKE ALL THE AMMO YOU CAN CARRY... AND THEN SOME! WHEN THOSE COPTERS BEAR DOWN ON US THROW EVERYTHING YOU CAN AT 'EM!

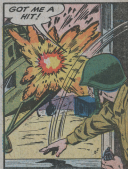
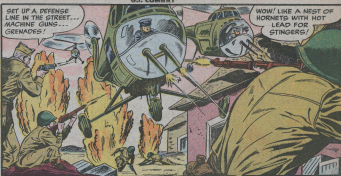
THAT'LL BE A PLEASURE, SARGE! WHERE IS THIS AIRBORNE ARMY, ANYWAY?



RIGHT IN THE FRONT YARD, BUSTER! LISTEN...



THE
WINGED
RED
HORDE
STRIKES!
THROUGH
A BLAZE
OF GUN-
FIRE
G.I.S
TAKE
DESPERATE
DEFENSE
MEASURES!



MOP UP THAT BUNCH!
DON'T LET THEM INFILTRATE INTO
THE BASE! THEY'LL BE STABBING US
IN THE BACK WHILE WE'RE SEARCHING
THE SKIES!

RIGHT,
SIR!



W-WE'RE BONE
DRY OF AMMO,
GENERAL!
THERE ISN'T ANY
MORE! THE GUYS
HAVE BEEN
THROWING IT
AROUND LIKE
CONFETTI!

G.I. COMBAT

GREAT CAESAR! OUT OF AMMO! AND THOSE MONKEYS WILL BE SENDING ANOTHER ATTACK FLIGHT IN ANY MINUTE! WE'VE GOT TO RETREAT...I CAN'T LET MY MEN WAIT HERE TO BE SLAUGHTERED! JOHNSON! PETERS!



SUMMON THE MEN TO RETREAT! THE NEXT WAVE OF COPTERS WILL WIPE US OUT... WE'VE NOTHING TO FIGHT BACK WITH!



Y-YES, SIR!

WAIT A MINUTE... MAYBE WE DO HAVE SOMETHING TO FIGHT THEM WITH! MEN, HOLD UP!



WE HAVE ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND OF BEATING THE NEXT WAVE OF COPTERS... BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT! THERE'S A TON OF BLASTING DYNAMITE INSIDE THAT SHED...THIS IS WHAT WE'VE GOT TO DO, MEN!



MINUTE AFTER DESPERATE MINUTE THE G.I.s BUSY THEMSELVES ON THE OUTSHIRTS 'OF THE BASE!



THEY APPROACHED FROM THE NORTH...OVER THOSE TREES! IT MIGHT WORK...IT'S GOT TO WORK!

SOON AN OMINOUS ROAR FILLS THE AIR!

HERE COME THE COPTERS! READY FOR ACTION... ON THE DOUBLE!

YEOU! OPERATION SHOWDOWN! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!



BLAST AWAY!



SUDDENLY THE TREES ERUPT WITH DYNAMITE CHARGES! THE THUNDEROUS BLASTS ROCK THE BASE!

G-GALLOPING GOPHERS!
T-THERE MUST BE A
HUNDRED OF 'EM!

W-WE GOT MOST OF 'EM...
BUT A GANG WILL GET
THROUGH! THE DYNAMITE
GRENADES! GRAB 'EM!



SPIRITED ON BY DESPERATION
THE VALIANT G.I.S LET GO
WITH THEIR SECOND ACE IN
THE HOLE!

BACK TO THE
IRON CURTAIN,
YOU BUMS!

BLAST THEM
OUTTA THE
SKY!



BUT AT NEARLY GROUND LEVEL
THE IMPACT OF THE CRASHED
MACHINES IS NOT GREAT! THE
ENEMY FOUR OUT TO DO
BATTLE...



...AND THE G.I.S ARE READY!

ONE SNEAK ATTACK...
FIZZLED OUT!



AFTERWARDS, WHEN THE LAST OF THE INVADERS
HAVE BEEN SMASHED DOWN!

A CRACK UP JOB, MEN! THAT
DYNAMITE SURE SAVED
THE DAY! AFTER WE USED UP OUR
AMMO WE WERE DONE FOR...
UNTIL OLD TNT TURNED THE
TRICK FOR US!

SIR, THE RESERVES
ARE HERE!



WHOW, SIR!
LOOKS LIKE
YOU DID ALL
RIGHT WITHOUT
US, SIR! WHAT
WAS THIS RAID
ALL ABOUT?
WHO WERE
THEY, SIR?

THEY WERE REDS ALL
RIGHT, BUT WE CAN'T PIN
THIS ON MOSCOW OR
PEIPING... THEY HAD NO
MARKINGS! THEIR
DESPERATE RAID HAD
NO CHANCE TO
SUCCEED! THEY PLANNED
TO KNOCK OUT THE GENERAL
STAFF BUT THEY DIDN'T
KNOW THAT THEIR TARGET
NEVER ARRIVED HERE!



TRAPPED BEHIND COMMIE LINES

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE, CAPTAIN... I'VE GOTTA TRY AND GET THAT TANK BEFORE IT GETS US!

IT WAS A SOLDIER'S NIGHTMARE COME TRUE... A GROUP OF G.I.'S WITHOUT WARNING SUDDENLY PLUMMETED OUT OF THE SKY INTO AN ARMED COMMIE CAMP! AND NOW THE ONLY PATH FOR ESCAPE WAS HEAD-ON THROUGH THE SUPERIOR MIGHT OF RED AMMO AND ARMOR!

WE GOT US TWO PRISONERS!

GOOD LUCK... SERGEANT!



DAWN... A U.S. FLYING BOX CAR THUNDERS INTO BAD WEATHER OVER WESTERN GERMANY!



AND INSIDE...

ARE WE GOING TO MAKE IT INTO GRAZ WITH THESE DEFENSE ARMS, CAPTAIN?

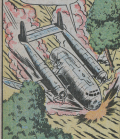
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, SERGEANT! THE PILOT TELLS ME THIS IS THE WORST STORM HE'S EVER FLOWN THROUGH!



G.I. COMBAT

Hour after hour the plane bucks the elements...until finally!

HANG ON! HANG ON! WE MADE IT, MEN!



W-WHEW! ARE WE LUCKY THESE LITTLE BABIES DIDN'T GO OFF! I OUGHTA KEEP 'EM THIS FOR A SOUVENIR!

NICE SHOW GETTING US DOWN! SAY, WHERE IN THUNDER ARE WE?

COMPASS AND RADIO ARE SMASHED TO BITS, CAPTAIN... BUT I FIGURE WE'RE THIRTY OR FORTY MILES FROM THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN BORDER!



Suddenly hot lead zings through the air!

U-ULP!

G-GREAT GLORY! COMRADES! DOWN... HIT THE GROUND, MEN!



WE MUST HAVE SURPRISED A COMMIE RAIDING PARTY WHO CROSSED OUR BORDER! SERGEANT...GET THE WEAPONS OUT OF THE BOX CAR! WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

R-RIGHT, CAPTAIN!



THROUGH A BARRAGE OF FIRE THE G.I.'S SALVAGE THEIR EQUIPMENT!

HOLY COW! THEY'RE LOBBING MORTAR SHELLS! MUST BE A BIG COMMIE ACTION, CAPTAIN!

YOU AREN'T KIDDING, SERGEANT! CARRY THE EQUIPMENT AROUND THEIR RIGHT PLANK! WE'LL TRY TO COME IN FROM AN ANGLE AND HIT THEM ON THE HILLTOP!



TENSE MINUTES AFTERWARDS...

THERE THEY ARE! ALL RIGHT, MEN, GET SET... LET'S GO IN AND TAKE THOSE TREATY-BREAKING REDS!



YAHOO! BOOT THOSE CHARACTERS BACK OVER THE BORDER FOR KEEPS!



DISARM THEM, MEN! WE WANT AS MANY OF THIS GANG ALIVE AS POSSIBLE TO SHOW AS EVIDENCE OF THIS COMMIE SNEAK RAID!

I HEAR YOU TALKIN', CAPTAIN!



SUFFERING THUNDER! THEY'VE GOT THEMSELVES AN ARTILLERY PIECE! SOLDIER... GRAB SOME GRENADES... FOLLOW ME!

RIGHT, SARGE!

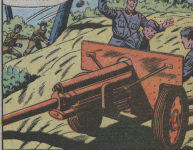


THIS IS CRAZY, SARGE! HOW'D THEY EVER GET SO MUCH BIG ARMS STUFF ACROSS OUR BORDER? IT'S LIKE A FULL SCALE WAR!

YEAH... AN' WE GOTTA WIN IT... THEY'RE READY TO FIRE! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



ZERO IN... READY FOR FIRING...



RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

NICE TOSSIN', SARGE!



AFTERWARDS AS THE PUZZLED GI'S FINISH MOPPING UP THE REMAINING ENEMY!

WELL, CAPTAIN, WHAT DO WE DO NOW... HEARD THE LOT OF 'EM TO THE NEAREST GERMAN TOWN AND CALL HQ!

THAT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO, SERGEANT! WONDER WHAT THEY WERE UP TO... SNEAKING IN AN ARSENAL LIKE THIS!



SUDDENLY A LOUD-SPEAKER BOOMS! STUNNED GI'S TURN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND!

AMERICANS! AMERICANS! YOU ARE COMMITTING AN ACT OF AGGRESSION!

W-WHAT IN BLAZES?

A LOUD-SPEAKER COMING FROM OVER THE CREST OF THAT HILL!



WHEN THE MEN RUSH TO THE CREST OF THE HILL THEIR EYES BLINK IN DISBELIEF!

YOUR ACT OF CROSSING THE BORDER TO RAID A COMMUNIST ARMY CAMP IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA CAN MEAN WAR! SURRENDER BEFORE FURTHER BLOODSHED!

C-CZECHOSLOVAKIA? WE'RE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA!

IT'S A COMMIE CAMP ALL RIGHT! NO WONDER THEY HAD ALL THAT EQUIPMENT! S-SUFFERING CATS! W-WE WERE ON THEIR SIDE OF THE BORDER!



THE STORM... I-IT MUST HAVE BLOWN US THIRTY OR FORTY MILES OFF COURSE! WE CRASHED IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA... OH, MY GOSH...

OH-H! THIS IS GREAT...

WHAT'LL WE DO, CAPTAIN? HOW WE GONNA EXPLAIN TO HEAD-QUARTERS THAT WE ATTACK A COMMIE CAMP...

WE CAN'T! WE'RE IN TROUBLE, MEN... UP TO OUR NECKS IN TROUBLE! SERGEANT, FIND SOMETHING WHITE FOR A SURRENDER FLAG!

S-SURE THING, CAPTAIN!



WHEN THE G.I.'S FACE THE COMMIE CAMP COMMANDER!

SO! YOU WERE BLOWN OFF COURSE BY THE STORM OVER OUR BORDER AND THOUGHT WE WERE AGGRESSORS AGAINST YOU! LIARS! AMERICANS TALK OF PEACE BUT THEIR ACTS ARE THOSE OF WAR!

THAT IS NOT TRUE! WHAT WE SAY IS THE TRUTH... HOWEVER IT MAY SOUND UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!



THE CIRCUMSTANCES SHOW ONLY THAT YOU HAVE INVADIED OUR COUNTRY AND ARE PRISONERS OF WAR! STACK THEIR WEAPONS IN THE ARMORED CAR FOR SHIPMENT BACK! ARREST THEM!



LATER THE DISCOURAGED MEN HUDDLE IN A RED GUARD-HOUSE!

THEY'RE NAILING TARPAPER OVER THE WINDOWS! GUESS THEY DON'T WANT US TO GET A PEEK AT THEIR SECRETS!

WE CAN ONLY HOPE THIS WON'T START A WAR, MEN!



HOUR AFTER HOUR THE AMERICAN MEN ARE ALONE WITH THEIR MISERY! THEN...

HEAR THE COMME PLANES OVERHEAD... WHAT A MESS I'VE GOTTEN YOU INTO, MEN! THE WHOLE WORLD IS PROBABLY SHAKING WITH THE NEWS NOW!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, CAPTAIN!

????

WHIRR-RRR

THAT'S NO RED PLANE! IT'S THE MOTOR SOUND OF A C-52! I'VE FLUMM A HUNDREDS OF THEM... I'D KNOW THEIR MOTORS ANYWHERE!

A C-52! BUT IF IT WAS HUNTING FOR US IT WOULDN'T CROSS INTO COMME TERRITORY!

YEAH, CAPTAIN... THEY'D NEVER CROSS THE BORDER!

SOMETHING'S ROTTEN HERE... REAL ROTT' 'I! I'M GOING TO POKE A HOLE THROUGH THAT TARPAPER OVER THE WINDOW AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

WHEN THE CAPTAIN BREAKS A HOLE IN THE TARPAPER HE STARES IN AMAZEMENT!

O-GREAT GHOSTS! A CAMOUFLAGED NET OVER THIS CAMP! A-AND THAT PLANE IS A C-52! THEY CAMOUFLAGED THIS PLACE SO THAT IT WON'T BE OBSERVED FROM THE AIR!

WE'VE BEEN TAKEN! WE ARE IN WEST GERMANY NOT CZECHOSLOVAKIA... THEY'VE GOT A NET OVER THIS CAMP TO CAMOUFLAGE IT... THAT WAS

A C-52 PLANE LOOKING FOR US! WE'VE GOT TO BUST OUT... FAST!

H-HOLY COW! BUT THE PLACE IS BARRED... WE HAVE NO WEAPONS! HOW CAN WE GET OUT?

MY SOUVENIR HAND GRENADE I TOOK FROM THE PLANE FOR LUCK! I HAD IT IN MY HELMET WHEN THEY SEARCHED ME...

SOLDIER... YOU'RE UP FOR A CITATION! LET ME HAVE THAT!

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE LIKE LIGHTNING! THE COMME OFFICER HAD OUR WEAPONS STACKED IN THAT ARMORED CAR ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BARRACKS! IF WE GET IT, WE'VE GOT BOTH WEAPONS AND TRANSPORTATION OUT OF HERE...

SPLIT SECONDS AFTERWARDS....

LET'S GO, MEN! YAHOOO! YIII?

BOOM!

THROUGH A BLAZE OF RED FIRE THE DESPERATE G.I.'S RACE FOR THE ARMORED CAR THAT MEANS LIFE OR DEATH TO THEM!

SERGEANT... MAN THE MACHINE GUN FAST! EVERY SECOND COUNTS! SURPRISE IS OUR BEST WEAPON AGAINST THESE ODDS!

DOT IT, CAPTAIN!

UNCRATE THOSE GRENADES! WE'RE GOING TO BLAST THIS COMMIE CAMP INSIDE OUT!

THE FULL WRATH OF THE DECEIVED MEN IS UNLEASHED AS THE COMMIE ARMORED CAR SPEEDS THROUGH THE CAMP!

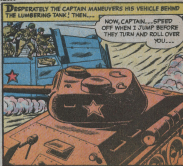
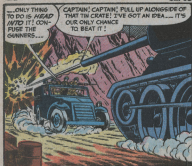
NOW, YOU COMMIE APES... TAKE A LITTLE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

BESIDES... WHO WANTS TO LEAVE AND LIFT THE REDS' LUG ALL THIS EQUIPMENT BACK HOME!

SUDDENLY, THE COMMIES BRING OUT A SURPRISE POWER-PACKED PUNCH!

CAPTAIN! GREAT CATS! THEY'VE GOT A TANK! WE CAN'T BUCK THAT THING! OUR GRENADES AND BULLETS WON'T PIERCE IT...

TANK! WE'VE GOT A TIGER BY THE TAIL... IF WE RUN IT WILL PICK US OFF WITH ITS CANNON...



Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE
COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles
Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put triphammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vice-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body as full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up **the sleeping energy** of your mind and make it burn like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny shrimp chested weakling I was at 13

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Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

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SILVER CUP
GIVEN AWAY

12" Metal Cup
to first man
proving himself
muscular in the
next 1 month.

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I can never consider 'pared'."

—Harry Davis, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (overall) and 2½ inches expanded."

—J. E. New York
"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—L. R., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W. Missouri

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 330W, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Height—Solid in the Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
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- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Teeth, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of my famous book "EVERLASTING HEALTH AND STRENGTH"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is sure to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name Age
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

☐ Under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

VENGEANCE!

HACKETT saw the MIG first and died with the yell of warning on his lips. Sergeant Morse, looking up, caught a glimpse of the plane drifting silently toward their mountain shelter and threw himself flat as the machine guns began their chattering storm. He saw Hackett caught and smashed with the yell still forming on his lips. He saw .50 caliber slugs slam and hammer their way across the plateau. Then the MIG's jets thundered again and it shot up and away from the mountain wall beyond, to vanish into the overhanging clouds. In the space of a single breath, the surprise attack was over and Hackett was dead.

Corporal Raines got up from behind a rock, swearing bitterly. "The dirty Red. He cut off his jets to sneak up on us. He must have spotted us as easy targets."

"And that's what we are," Sergeant Morse said flatly, as the other five UN troops rose slowly from their shelters. "If he wants to come back again, there's no place we can hide and not much we can do."

There had been eight men trapped on the flat tip of a rocky pinnacle, caught there when a Red counter-attack had driven their comrades back off the mountain. Now there were seven. And if the Red pilot chose to play his deadly game again, there would soon be none. Grimly they laid the body of Hackett behind a rock, each wondering whose body would be next to lie beside it.

"You can't shoot down a MIG with .45s," Private Dolson complained, "and that's all we've got, since we got our machine gun blown up. I wish that skunk had waited a second longer to open his jets. He'd have crashed into those rocks beyond."

The MIG came back around noon, apparently on his way back from refueling. This time they saw him coming, but it did them little good. Again the pilot drifted down on their helplessly exposed position, gave them one savage burst of lead and then swerved away from the rocks to go on with

his prow. This time two men were hit but none were killed.

"Next time," Raines growled, "he might be luckier."

"Or he might not," Sergeant Morse said thoughtfully. He was staring from a deep crevice up to the higher rocks beyond. "I've got a kind of crazy idea. I used to ride in planes when we flew over rough country in hot weather. Dig up anything you can that'll burn and let's see if we can give our pal a hotfoot."

There were dubious looks as the Sergeant explained his plan, but nobody had a better suggestion. The men scattered, finding branches caught in the rocks, adding paper from their pockets, scraps of clothing, anything that would burn. They were throwing the last scrap down the shallow crevice when they saw the MIG coming back, still far off but heading their way.

Hastily Sergeant Morse lit crumpled paper and dropped it onto the dry brush below, watching it catch and flame up. A moment later the whole mass of pitchy mountain pine had roared into flame. He barely had time to throw himself down as the MIG's guns once more lashed the tiny pinnacle.

Then the bird of evil was above them, above the chimney-like crevice from which black smoke was dancing. Staring up, the men saw flame wink as the jets opened, saw the MIG start to bank away from the rocks ahead.

Then they saw it suddenly lurch, twist and ram itself headon into a wall of granite. With a thunderous explosion it burst apart and fell into the depths below. The men stood up, their faces awed. "It worked," Sergeant Morse whispered, dazed. "My stunt worked."

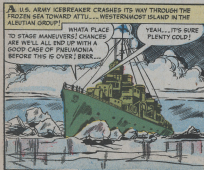
Then they were crowding around, slapping his back, cheering him. "Worked? It was perfect. He coasted right over the hot air boiling up from the fire and the updraft tossed him exactly where you figured it would—right into the cliff."

G.I. COMBAT

ZERO HOUR ON ATTU ISLAND



THE U.S. TROOPS HIT THE BEACH IN A HEAD-ON ASSAULT, BUT SUDDENLY THE SHAM ATTACK BECAME THE REAL THING! FOR WAITING FOR THEM WERE BRUTAL COMMIE INVADERS PLAYING A GAME OF WAR FOR KEEPS... AND IF THE UNTESTED G.I.'S WERE TO SURVIVE, THEY MUST OUT-THINK AND OUT-FIGHT THEIR COMBAT-SEASONED ENEMIES!



WHAT A PLACE TO STAGE MANEUVERS! CHANCES ARE WE'LL ALL END UP WITH A GOOD CASE OF PNEUMONIA BEFORE THIS IS OVER! BRRR...

YEAH...IT'S SURE PLENTY COLD!



ALL THESE MONTHS I'VE BEEN PLAYING IN MAKE BELIEVE WARS DURING TRAINING... SOMETIMES I FIGURE IT'S JUST A WASTE OF TIME! HECK, HOW DO WE KNOW IF IT'LL BE NECESSARY?

WELL, UNCLE SAM THINKS IT IS, PAL... SO KEEP OPERATING LIKE A GOOD LITTLE G.I.!



THE MOCK INVASION HEADS FOR THE GOLD ATTU BEACH!

UNDER ARCTIC CONDITIONS, THE ORDERS READ: JEEPS: WHY DON'T THEY LET US PLAY OUR GAMES ON SOME NICE WARM SOUTHERN BEACH!

YEAH! SO WE CAN JUST IMAGINE IT'S BELOW FREEZIN' OUT! GET YOUR HEAD BLOCKED, CHUM! WE GOTTA LEARN HOW TO FIGHT IN THIS WEATHER IN CASE WE HAVE TO DO IT!



SUDDENLY AS THE FIRST TROOPS LAND:

WHUH? S-SOMEBODY'S HERE ALREADY... HEY, THEY AREN'T OUR TROOPS!

YIPES! IT'S AN ENEMY... WE GOT OURSELVES A REAL WAR!

WHA...?

GREAT THUNDER!



TAKE GUN POSITIONS! WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS! THOSE CHARACTERS LOOK LIKE COMMIES!

Y-YES SIR!



AND THE SHAM MANEUVERS BREAK OUT INTO ACTUAL BATTLE CONDITIONS! THE 'GREEN', UNTESTED G.I.'S HAMMER BACK AT THE FOE!

IT CAN'T HAPPEN... BUT IT HAS! WHAT ARE THEY UP TO? WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?



GOT ANOTHER OF OUR TANKS... SWING THAT SNOWMOBILE AROUND THEIR RIGHT FLANK! TRY TO MOVE IN AND KILL THAT ENEMY TANK FIRE!

WE'RE MOVING, SIR!





AMID THE FALLING SHELLS THE G.I.'S REACH TEMPORARY SHELTER.

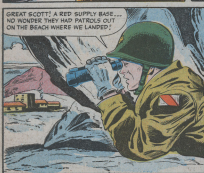
HIT THE GROUND!
TAKE SHELTER!



KEEP YOUR MECKS IN! I'M GOING TO TRY AND GET A LOOK-SEE AT WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST; THOSE REDS MUST BE GUARDING SOMETHING ON THIS ISLAND!



GREAT SCOTT! A RED SUPPLY BASE... NO WONDER THEY HAD PATROLS OUT ON THE BEACH WHERE WE LANDED!



SUDDENLY A BLAZE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE RIPS THE ROCKY CREST.

THEY HAVEN'T BOXED US IN YET... THERE'S STILL A CHANCE WE CAN HIT THAT SECRET HIDEOUT BEFORE THEIR PATROL FROM THE BEACH GETS US!



MAJOR, SIR... THEY'RE MASSING FOR AN ATTACK... TANKS, ARTILLERY... EVERYTHING!

HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE... THEY OUTNUMBER US TWENTY TO ONE!



GRIMLY THE MAJOR CONFRONTS HIS MEN: HIS IS A DO OR DIE DECISION!

MEN, LISTEN TO ME... OUT THERE THE COMMIES HAVE BEEN PREPARING A SUPPLY BASE! WE CAN'T BEAT THEM... BUT THERE'S A CHANCE A GROUP OF US MIGHT SLIP AROUND THEIR RIGHT FLANK AND SMASH THAT BASE!



OUR JOB IS TO SMASH THAT DEPOT BEFORE WE'RE TAKEN! I WANT SIX MEN TO GO WITH ME IN THIS SHOW-MOBILE TO ACCOMPLISH THE MISSION! THE OTHERS REMAIN HERE TO CREATE A DIVERSIONARY ACTION!

I'LL GO, SIR!

COUNT ME IN, MAJOR!



G.I. COMBAT

MOMENTS LATER THE ARMED SNOWMOBILE CREEPS OUT OF THE ROCKS.... IT MOVES SLOWLY ALONG THE RIGHT FLANK OF THE ENEMY DEPOT!

EASY...EASY AS SHE ODES, DRIVER! KEEP BEHIND THE ROCKS...WHEN WE HIT IT'S GOT TO BE FAST AND FURIOUS! RIGHT, MAJOR!



FINALLY THE SNOWMOBILE HALTS AND THAT'S OUR ONE CHANCE...SMACK THE AAAID SUPPLY...BLOW THE WHOLE BASE OFF THE FACE OF THE ISLAND! MOST LIKELY WE'LL DO WITH IT, MEN... BUT IT'S GOT TO BE DONE! ALL RIGHT...



THE G.I. JUGGERNAUT THUNDERS AT TOP SPEED TOWARD THE VITAL RED BASE! SEVEN MEN GAMBLE THEIR LIVES TO STRIKE A TELLING DEATH BLOW AT COM- MIE AGGRESSION!

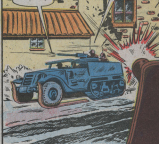


FASTER! FASTER! WE'VE GOT TO SMASH THAT BEFORE WE'RE HIT....



YIIIIIIIIII! CRAZY AMERICANS IN MACHINE....

GET THAT CANNON... STOP IT BEFORE THEY TAG US!

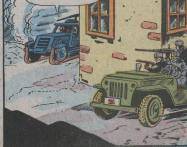


I'LL...GET 'EM, SIR....

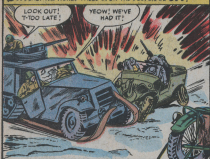


GOOD SHOOTING! LET DO WITH THE GRENADES, MEN! BLAST A WAY THROUGH!

ONLY A LITTLE FURTHER...A LITTLE FURTHER! GOT TO HAND ON... GOT TO MAKE IT....



SUDDENLY THE WORLD FALLS IN ON THE DESPERATE G.I.'S!



MISSION UNSUCCESSFUL! BUT IS IT? THERE IS ONE CHANCE...ONE SLIM CHANCE LEFT!



SOON AFTERWARDS A COMMIE MOTORCYCLE WITH AN AMERICAN OFFICER SPEEDS BY THE DEPOT!

THIS IS IT...OPERATION BLOW UP...GOT THE GRENADE ON DELAYED TIMING...



ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED OF OUTRUNNING THE BLAST...



TEN...TWENTY...THIRTY SECONDS PASS! THEN THE ISLAND ERUPTS UNDER THE SPEEDING MAJOR!



AN HOUR LATER THE DAZED, BATTERED OFFICER OPENS HIS EYES AND...

M-MY MEN! I-I'M ALIVE...W-WHAT HAPPENED...SOLDIER? WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU DID IT, SIR! BLEW THE WHOLE COMMIE SHE-BANG UP IN THE SKY! THE RED TROOPS SHIPPED OUT, MAJOR...RIGHT AFTER THE EXPLOSION A COMMIE TROOP SHIP PICKED THEM UP!



A RADIO REPORT FROM HEAD-QUARTERS SAYS THE COMMIES CLAIM IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE... THAT THEY MISTOOK ATTU ISLAND FOR KOMANDARSKE ISLAND...ONE OF THEIR OWN!

SURE, I'LL BET IT WAS A MISTAKE! ONE THING IS CERTAIN...THEY WON'T BE TOO ANNOYED TO TANGLE WITH U.S. TROOPS...GREEN OR NOT!





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Now, no stamp need puzzle you—no matter how strange it looks. Look at the Oriental script on the enlarged stamp

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you instantly match the stamps with our illustrations and you instantly know that it comes from Jordan.

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At Sarasota under the Big Top — I saw the world-famous Ringling Bros. Circus — clowns, acrobats and all.



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- Send your newly created, colorful, complete giant circus tent at once. It is understood if I am not delighted after 10 day trial I will return for full refund of the purchase price.
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- Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman on arrival.

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Please rush to me an order for 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at the cost. Also include Big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount received on explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and return the prize I sent or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET or RFD _____

TOWN _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

SEND NO MONEY . . . We Trust You!



makes cold drinks **INSTANTLY!**



Pick the packages with the pitcher on the front for wonderful refreshment any time! One 5¢ package makes one-half gallon . . . 10 full glasses. Keep plenty in your refrigerator for the whole family to share. Miracle Aid . . . instant enjoyment!

**6
TEMPTING
FRUIT FLAVORS**

STRAWBERRY
ORANGE
RASPBERRY
GRAPE
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